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upon a horse, and often devours the crocodile. The ant-eater, though destitute of teeth, is the only quadruped, in all America, which the tiger does not attack with success : when he attempts to seize that animal, it lies down upon its back and fastens its long claws into his throat, and suffocates him.

The habits of the other species of the *cat-kind* of animals, with respect to their food, so nearly resemble those already described, that it is not necessary to particularize them. They are all carnivorous, and all are cruel ; and some of them display considerable cunning, and almost all great perseverance in taking their prey. The *Ocelot*, or *Mexican Cat*, feigns to be dead ; and when the monkeys approach, deceived by the stratagem, he springs upon and seizes them.

* * *

STANZAS,

COMPOSED AT THE KNOCKAGH, A HILL NEAR CARRICKFERGUS,

In the Summer of 1824.

HAIL, Knockagh ! rising 'mid romantic hills !
Again thy rocks and frowning cliffs I view ;
And mark the progress of the tiny rills,
Which from thy side their mazy course pursue,
Soon to be lost in yonder waters blue !
Let me recline beside this crystal stream,
And scenes of childhood and of youth renew,
When prospects rose all bright to fancy's gleam,
That have dissolved, long since, like phantoms of a dream !

Ah me ! how much are other objects changed,
Since first thy rural beauties met my sight ;
I mourn for long-lost joys—for friends estranged—
For others shrouded in the grave's long night—
For syren hope's and youth's successive flight ;
Yet, native hill ! thou art the same even now
As when I first, with young and fond delight,
Gazed on thy verdant side, and rugged brow :
Though all be changed with me, yet still unchanged art thou !

Yes ! there thou overlook'st the peaceful plain,
As I have seen thee do in former days,
As if to thee the touch of time were vain—
As if to mock the fleeting human race !
Standing with stable and majestic grace,
Whilst generations fall and are forgot,
Thou seem'st a contrast to their transient span—
Thou seem'st exempted from their mournful lot :
Whilst time o'erwhelmeth them, thee it assaileth not !

And yet thou also must submit to fate ;
Thou, with the earth and skies, shalt pass away,
Whilst man may still expect another state,
Unknown to Desolation's ruthless sway,
Unfolded by Religion's cheering ray :
Hail, view celestial ! source of purest joys !
Hence man is raised above the trodden clay,
And earthly objects lessen to his eyes,
And to the view of Faith appear as childish toys !

W. F.